

THE COUNTY RECORD

KINGSTREE, S. C.

LOUIS J. BRISTOW, Ed. & Prop'r.

The black horses used by English undertakers are all bred by Dutch farmers, who make this a distinct business.

The State of Indiana, through its Board of Charities, has undertaken the custodial care and control of all orphan, dependent and abandoned children. No other State has ever taken such an advanced step in this direction, and the success of the venture will be watched with great interest.

The severest indictment of the Greek soldier is that he is not amenable to discipline. It is "no uncommon thing," says a correspondent, "to hear the word of command disputed or discussed on the parade ground or on the march." Discussion never makes a soldier. Forensic disputes are out of place in a camp. The first step toward military success is to obey orders.

Says the Denver Times: The workmen of the country seem to be uniting in a campaign for shorter hours. One of the fundamental reasons for this is the increased capacity of workmen operating labor-saving devices. The workmen ask for an adjustment between the old hours and the new capacity, and therein lies an economical problem that must sooner or later be solved.

Mr. Ainsworth, of the War Department, has compiled some statistics of mortality among the survivors of the Union armies. There are now 1,095,628, and that the number will decrease as follows:

1930.....	996,935
1935.....	820,687
1940.....	626,231
1945.....	251,727
1950.....	37,038
1955.....	340

The New York Tribune thus neatly sums up the present political situation in the East: "The Powers will meditate, and Greece will meditate." But the kind of meditation proposed is accurately depicted by a cartoon in the New York Press, which represents a Greek, upon whose prostrate form representatives of the Powers are preparing to jump. Above is the sarcastic inscription: "The Powers intervening in behalf of Greece."

Touching the "abnormal fragility" of the bones of the insane, two instances of this have just occurred at an English asylum. In the first case a patient fell down in a fit, broke his right leg, and died from "embolism caused by a clot of blood entering the circulation in the neighborhood of the fracture." The second case was that of a patient who died from congestion of the lungs due to five of his ribs being fractured. He had to be held by attendants while the medical officers treated him. Thus his ribs were broken.

At the present price of about thirty-two cents a pound, aluminum is cheaper than the same bulk of copper or brass. Yet 100 pounds of brass, or 250 of copper, are sold to one of aluminum. Manufacturers of the new metal disposed of 650 tons of it last year, but they are compelled to discover its novel uses. Aluminum has nearly displaced nickel in the arts and it is in growing demand for cooking utensils, bicycle parts, plates for false teeth, handles for surgical instruments, a substitute for lithographic stones, non-magnetic electric apparatus and military accouterments. Its lightness renders it peculiarly suitable for cannons, buttons and belt plates.

Can a death which is caused by a mosquito bite properly be called accidental? The Court of Appeals of Kentucky has so decided, and the decision appears to the Chicago Times-Herald to be very good law. A Kentucky traveling man took out an accident insurance policy for \$5000 and departed on a journey. In Rome, Ga., before he arose one morning his right foot became uncovered and a mosquito hovering near, waiting for an early breakfast, settled on the foot "at the base of the fourth toe" and gorged himself. Blood poisoning, as the doctors testified, was the result of the bite, and the man died. When sued on the policy the company contended that a mosquito bite was not an accident, and consequently they ought not to be compelled to pay. The lower court agreed with the company, but on appeal the higher court reversed the case and gave judgment for the widow who had brought the suit.

IN THE QUIET HOURS.

PREGNANT THOUGHTS FROM THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS.

God's Unchanging Love—Grow Downward and Upward—Sunny Side to Life—Ask Help at Every Tangle—God Give Me Work—Business and Sentiment.

Father it is enough! My full soul drank Such a deep draught of beauty and delight From this fair day, just fading into night. How shall my lips thy goodness ever thank? All is so fair: the clover-dappled bank, The tendrilled branches drooping from the vine.

Through these lapped leaves the glowing clusters shine: The giants of the forests, rank on rank. Into the misty distance far withdrawn: And through them all, around, below, above, Felt like a presence thy unchanging love.

Grow Downward and Upward.

The dark root lay in the ground, down among the clods of the earth, and on the stick that marked the place was thrust a label with a name grand enough to turn the head of any simple flower. And the lily said, "What have I to do in this dirty earth? I cannot bear to touch it. I who am of the Lilia Splendiosa—to be prisoner here like this! I know my place too well to think that I was meant for this. I ought to be up in the heavens, lifting my head proudly and unfolding all my glory to the sun." And it sulked and muttered and refused to thrust out the root—and it missed heaven because it neglected earth. Take care how you grumble at your circumstances—so many difficulties, so many hindrances to cry out against. To do our duty on earth is the only way of getting to heaven. But think of another flower that should say, "Oh! it is all a mistake to call me a lily. Lily indeed! I am just a poor, dirty brown thing and haven't any beauty in me—without any stem, without any leaf, without any flower. It is no use my dreaming of heaven, and of my coming to be anything." And it thrust down its roots into the earth, but it forgot to push its way up into heaven. The heavenly-minded man who neglects his duty in the world is as unlovely to God as he is ugly to men. And the man who is so absorbed in earth that he forgets heaven, misses the very beauty and blessedness of life. The measure downward and upward is after all the true measure—and God gives to every man as much as he gives the flowers, enough of earth to grow in, and enough of heaven to grow into. He gives to every man as much as he gives the bird—enough of earth to feed upon, and enough of heaven to fly in. This much he has pledged to his children everywhere.—Mark Guy Pearse.

A Sunny Side to Life.

There is a sunny side to life at large. School, home, business and social life, all have their disagreeable features and drawbacks, their burdens and difficulties. The clouds frequently gather over life's varied landscape. But, on the other hand, pleasures mingle with the pain. The sunshine is a sweet consciousness that such trials are after all only "mercies" in disguise, leading the comforted and chastened soul to sing:—"Sweet are Thy messengers, Sweet they refrain; When they can sing with me, More love O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee!" —N. Y. Observer.

Ask Help at Every Tangle.

How many troubles would disappear, how many burdens would be lightened, if we understood "prayer" as a child understands running to his father! Once a great king entreated his people to weave for him. The silk and wool and patterns were given by the king, and he expected diligent work people. He was, however, very indulgent, and told them when any difficulty arose to send for him and he would help them, and never to fear troubling him, but to ask for help and instruction. Among the many men and women busy at the looms was one little child, whom the king did not think too young to work. Often alone at her duty she labored, cheerfully and patiently. One day, when the men and women were distressed at their failures—the silks were tangled and the weaving unlike the pattern—they came to the child and said:—"Tell us how it is that you are so happy in your work. We are always in difficulties. Then why do you not send to the king?" said the little weaver. "He told me that we might do so."

"So we do, night and morning." "Ah," said the child, "but I send directly I find a little tangle." —Wellspring.

God Give Me Work.

Is there some desert or some pathless sea Where Thou, good God of angels, wilt send me? Some oak for me to rend: some sod, Some hand for me to break; Some handful of Thy corn to take— And scatter far and wide: Till it is hundred fold, Its hundredfold Of grains of gold To feed the waiting children of my God? Show me the desert, Father, or the sea. Is it thine enterprise? Great God, send me! And though this body lie where ocean rolls, Father, count me among all faithful souls. —Christian Register.

Business and Sentiment.

Sometimes you hear a business man characterizing a policy of forbearance and sympathy with others as pure sentiment. Doubtless it is, and the cold, hard, undeviating course of business, theoretically, should not be swayed by any humane considerations; and yet it has often come about that the sentimental "course" has proved the soundest policy for men are something more than machines, and to treat them merely as you would treat an engine is not calculated to elicit their best capacities, and you yourself may ultimately find advantage in drawing out towards yourself, whether the man with whom you deal is your employee or your debtor, the kindly feeling for which the strict business relationship makes no provision. More than one man has found in his time of need that his best friend was a fellow man upon whom he had not been too hard when he was down. The cynical observation that "gratitude is a lively expectation of favors to come" is constantly proved false in business. Many men are not ungrateful. The bread sown on the waters returns after not many days. Acting too rapidly upon the maxim "business is business" and what it implies is often the worst business policy.

God can make the grief a grace, the burden a blessing, and light up the disappointment so that it becomes the torch of hope. The rod itself shall bud and blossom and bring forth almonds, so that the very thing that chastens us shall present beauty and fruit.—Anon.

DEATH OF SENATOR HARRIS.

He Passes Away in Washington After a Long Illness.

Senator Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee, expired at his home in Washington after an illness which has lasted nearly a year. He had almost completed his seventy-ninth year, having been born in Franklin County, Tennessee, in February, 1818, while his Congressional career began in 1840, earlier



ISHAM G. HARRIS.

than any member of either House, antedating Senators Morrill and Sherman by seven years and Galusha A. Grow, now a member of the House from Pennsylvania, by one year.

Mr. Harris represented the Ninth Tennessee District in Congress for the two terms ending in 1853, when he declined a re-nomination. He then moved to Memphis, where he had since resided. He was three times in succession, beginning in 1857, elected Governor of his State, and was serving in that capacity when the war broke out. He attached himself at different times to the staffs of General Albert Sidney Johnston, Joseph E. Johnston, Beauregard, and Bragg. Albert Sidney Johnston fell from his horse into Harris's arms, when he received his death wound.

After Lee's surrender Mr. Harris was one of a small party of political refugees who escaped to Mexico. Parson Brownlow, who had become the Military Governor of Tennessee, offered a large reward for the capture of his predecessor, but the latter kept away until his return was safe. From Mexico he went to England, where he resided until 1867, when he returned to Memphis and resumed his practice of the law.

Mr. Harris was elected to the United States Senate in 1877, and would have completed his twentieth consecutive year in that body on the 4th of next March. His term would not have expired until 1901. Senator Harris was the President pro tempore during the Fifty-third Congress, and had long been awarded the front place in parliamentary questions.

ELECTRICITY FROM DUST.

An Economic and Scientific Experiment of Great Interest.

An economic and scientific experiment has been begun at Shoreditch, London, in the combined electricity and dust destruction works erected at a cost of about \$750,000. The destructor cells are capable of burning 20,000 tons of ash refuse yearly, and the heat given out is sufficient for the electric light and power of the whole of Shoreditch, with a population of 124,000, besides supplying heat to the adjoining baths and wash-houses. In Paris lamps have been lighted for the first time by electricity furnished by a destructor.

This unique municipal enterprise is exciting the liveliest interest in scientific and municipal circles in Great Britain and abroad. If successful it promises to revolutionize the public supply of electricity, as the Vestry of Shoreditch promises to supply electricity at four cents per unit in the daytime, and eight cents per unit at night time.

PECULIAR METHODS OF DISCIPLINE.

An Iowa Teacher Made a Pupil Act Retriever For Books.

C. W. Duff, a Burlington (Iowa) teacher, who has just been expelled from the public schools, was in the habit of punishing his pupils by compelling them to crawl on their hands and knees after a book thrown by him and bring it back to him like a dog. Another favorite trick was to compel pupils to write on the blackboard "I am a fool," and sign their names. The writing was left on the board for several days, in sight of all the school, for the humiliation of the pupils. As soon as the school authorities got wind of Duff's peculiar methods of discipline, they made an investigation, found the charges to be true, and promptly bounced him.

STRANGE EVIDENCE FOR A COURT.

The Murdered Woman's Spirit Accused the Husband of the Crime.

Some time ago the wife of E. S. Shue was found dead in her home at Boncove, Va. A coroner's jury rendered a verdict, "Death by heart disease." Neighbors were not satisfied. The woman's body was exhumed and her neck was found broken.

Shue was indicted, convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for life. The principal direct evidence was that of Shue's mother-in-law, who testified that her daughter's spirit had come to her at a seance and said Shue had killed her by breaking her neck. All the other evidence was purely circumstantial.

Selling Tramps for \$1 a Head.

Freight trains crisscrossing through Kansas have opened a new and very profitable industry. They encourage tramps to go to the wheat belt, where men are wanted to save the wheat, and then sell the tramps to the farmers at \$1 a head. The brakemen refuse to unlock the box cars and deliver their tramps until the farmers put up the money.

Entire Family Burned.

Hugh Joeson and his family of five, who lived fifteen miles northeast of Pineville, Ky., were burned to death, being unable to escape from their cottage, which was fired over their heads. The remains of all six were found in the debris. The fire was undoubtedly of incendiary origin.

City Boys' Poor Physical.

Out of forty boys taken from the Newsboys' Home, New York City, with a view to placing them in the Navy, only two passed the requisite physical examination.

America's Gift to India.

The New York Christian Herald forwarded \$40,000 by cable to the India famine sufferers, making in all \$100,000 sent by Dr. Talmage's paper.

First Car of Winter Wheat.

St. Louis received the first car of new No. 2 red winter wheat this year June 19.

HELPS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Chocolate Sauce for Ice Cream.

Chocolate sauce, to serve with ice cream, is made by covering a box of gelatine with half a cupful of cold water; soak for half an hour. Put a pint of cream in a double boiler to heat; add to this two ounces of grated chocolate; cook until smooth, then beat well with a cream whip; add half a cup of sugar and the gelatine; strain and then add a teaspoonful of vanilla and set aside to cool; when cool you may stir in whipped cream or serve just as it is.—Mrs. S. T. Roger, in Ladies' Home Journal.

To Make Gluten Bread.

Take one quart of gluten flour, half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of butter, one and one-half cups of warm milk or water, and one yeast cake. Put the flour, salt and butter into a bowl. Rub the butter fine into the flour, dissolve the yeast in a little of the milk, pour it in the centre of the flour, add the remaining milk, and work the whole into a dough. Turn it into a floured board, and work it until it does not stick to the hands. Return it to the bowl, cover, and let stand to rise to double its height. Then mould into a loaf and place it in a buttered pan. Let it rise again till very light, and bake in a radiator hot oven one hour. If this bread is mixed at night, add only one-quarter of a yeast cake.—New York Press.

When Tomatoes Are Left Over.

Here is a bit of economy for you. If it so often happens that you have a little stewed tomatoes always left over from dinner, this is a nice way of using it up: Boil two-thirds of a cup of rice in two cups of water, or, rather, steam it in a double boiler, adding half a teaspoonful of salt at the time you pour the boiling water on the rice. Cook until soft, which will be in half or three-quarters of an hour. Remove the cover of the boiler and stir the rice carefully with a fork to let the steam escape, and dry off the rice. Beat the tomato which was left, season it quite highly with salt and pepper, using a bit of cayenne to heighten the taste; add to the rice a tablespoonful of butter, stir carefully in, and when the butter is melted, pour over the tomatoes and stir them also into the rice. Serve at once as a vegetable. You don't know, until you try, how nice this dish is.—New Orleans Picayune.

Asparagus on Toast.

To cook asparagus, pare the lower part of the stems, wash well and tie into bundles, heads all the one way. Stand the bundles in a saucepan, butts down, and nearly cover them with boiling water; add a teaspoonful of salt to a quart of water and cover the saucepan; boil slowly for three-quarters of an hour. It is not necessary that the heads should be covered with water—they, being tender, will cook in the steam as soon as the butts immersed in the water. Have ready a meat platter covered with nicely-toasted bread. Lift the asparagus carefully, drain and arrange it on the toast. Put a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour in a saucepan; rub until smooth; add gradually a half pint of the water in which the asparagus was boiled; stir over the fire until boiling; add a half teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Pour this carefully over the asparagus and serve.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Household Hints.

Lemons are improved and kept fresh by keeping in cold water till ready for use.

Sulphur and lard mixed to a stiff salve make an excellent ointment for a burn.

The best and quickest way to clean the isinglass windows in stoves is to use vinegar and water.

A heaping teaspoonful of powdered borax to a pint of hot starch will render the clothes much stiffer.

A spoonful of vinegar added to the water in which meat and poultry are boiled makes them more tender.

Tin tea kettles may be made as bright as new by simply rubbing them with woolen rag dipped in oil and then wiping quite dry with a clean cloth.

A pan or saucepan of hot water placed in an oven will keep meat and pastry from being scorched or dried.

Greased tissue paper, or that known as confectioners' paper, is very nice on the outside covering of a poultice.

When you sponge spots on cloth with alcohol, especially when the spots are from grease, dissolve a little salt in the alcohol.

It is positively asserted that to drink a pint of hot milk or hot water will have the effect of producing sleep in eight cases out of ten.

The instant you remove a blister plaster rub the surface with vaseline, then lay over it a sheet of absorbent cotton, and if the blood is in good condition, not much suffering will ensue.

After each meal the house should be aired thoroughly for at least five minutes. Those in the house do not notice the odor of food; but one coming in from outdoors is apt to be annoyed.

The water in which potatoes have been boiled is very effective in keeping silver bright. It can be bottled for use, and if required to be kept a long time a tenth part of methylated spirits will do this.

Opportunity Comes.

Mrs. Peck—If I had my life to go over again I wouldn't marry the best man alive.

Mr. H. Peck (his chance at last)—You bet you wouldn't. I wouldn't ask you to.—Philadelphia North American.



Manuring in the Hill.

It is only concentrated manures that can be profitably used in the hill. Whenever stable or barnyard manure is used in this way it aids in drying the soil above, and thus often does most harm just at the most critical period of growth. The roots of all hoed crops will more certainly reach the manure if placed between the rows than if the seed has been planted directly over it. Both corn and potatoes, especially the former, bend their leaves so as to turn the water that falls in rains to the middle of the rows. Scarcely any water except in heavy rains with driving winds can reach the hill whence the stalks grow.

A Good Compost for Pot Plants.

D. S. tells how she secured a good compost for pot plants:

"I want to tell the Housewife readers how I made and kept on hand a good supply of soil without costing me much except labor. In fall, when the frost comes, I cut down vines, canna, dahlia and gladiolus stalks—everything in the garden, in fact, that doesn't have life in it, and pile it in a corner, mixing with it in layers half-rotted chips and refuse from the wood pile, and anything else that seems to contain nutriment. The next spring I pour my soapuds from washing over it, and frequently turn it over with a pitchfork. By fall I find that most vegetable matter has decayed. The next spring I run it through a coarse sieve, and the fine portion, after having some sharp sand mixed with it, is used for potting plants. The coarser portion is returned to the heap to rot for another year. In this way I secure a good quantity of very rich soil, and manage to keep a supply on hand to draw from as I need it."

This is a good plan to follow. A supply of potting soil to draw from as needed will often lead to our giving attention to plants when it is required. If such a supply is not at hand, in nine cases out of ten the plants will be neglected.—The Housewife.

Corn-Fodder for Stock.

We have no silos here, as the material for making them comes so expensive that the farmers are not able to build them. I think that one would be an excellent addition to a farm; but corn sown for fodder, and taken care of at the proper time, makes a good feed for milk cows. Last year I sowed five acres, using the wheat drill to do it with. It was sown twenty-one inches apart, but I did not get it quite thick enough. This year I shall sow one bushel to the acre, and fourteen inches apart and drag it, and I think it will give better results. It was plowed over several times to keep it growing nicely. I cut it before frost came, with a binder. It was then shocked up and left to dry before stacking. It was stacked close to the barn in ricks. This not only makes good fodder but enriches the ground for grain. Three years ago I had twenty acres of corn; which I sowed the next year with wheat. The yield on this piece was five more bushels to the acre than other grain sown by the side of it. I think it will pay to sow a large field of corn for fodder, or else plant it for the corn, in order to have a good yield of grain the following year. I think it pays to grow a diversity of crops, and that the yield will be much better than growing one kind, year after year. This year I shall also try growing the "silver beardless barley." The straw of this is stiff, and does not fall over with high winds which we have here. It is a six-rowed barley, and is said never to be affected with smut. When properly harvested it is a silvery-white color and has no beards.—B. A. O., of South Dakota, in the Epitomist.

Marketing Eggs.

At the meeting of the Snowville (Me.) grange H. B. Howard spoke upon the question of how to realize the most from eggs. His advice was to get eggs into market within twenty-four hours of their being laid; then there will be no reason to complain of the prices received. If you can send them to market in such shape that customers can depend on them every time as being strictly fresh and all alike there are customers who will take all they can get the year round. The egg that is a week old is well on the road of being, if not exactly stale, quite near it. A farmer who has sent his butter to one place for eighteen years always gets a good price, for he makes an extra article, and his customers can depend on the uniformity of its quality. This man had some friends who asked him if he could not get a market for their eggs at their place. He replied that they could not send the eggs fresh enough, for the firm kept the man going over the same territory every day to pick up the eggs in order to make sure that they were strictly fresh for the table. Many farmers do things which, if they were in the customer's place, they would be the first to make a fuss about, and they would never trade with one who would give them the same quality of eggs that they carry to market. Small, dirty eggs are not fit to send to the market, as they lower the price for the whole case if there is a dozen of them put in. The price for the whole is made by that one dozen, and it reacts on the whole of the eggs that are sent from that place. If the market calls for a large, brown shell Leghorn egg, furnish that kind. Find out what your market calls for and furnish it; don't expect to get the best

price if you don't furnish the best goods. In Mr. Howard's experience, in buying eggs for eight years, he has found those who keep the Brahma, Wyandotte and Plymouth Rocks and their mixtures get as many eggs in the number for the year as those who have Leghorns and a good deal more in weight. He believes that eggs ought to be sold by the weight.

The Dreaded Poison Oak.

This beautiful viny shrub is a conspicuous feature of the flora of the Pacific coast from Southern California to British Columbia. It is especially abundant in the coast range, where its slender stems, twining about oaks, reach a height of twenty or forty feet, with luxuriant leaves at the top. In the spring and summer, its graceful green adds an indescribably delicate touch to the woodlands, and in autumn the rich red of its leaves makes splendid patches among the evergreen trees, or lights like a flame the duller shades of deciduous forests. It likes damp soil, and when seen on dry, open ground, Rhus is but an insignificant shrub, with scant reddish leaves resembling in shape those of the white oak. Poison oak resembles the poison ivy, Rhus Toxicodendron, of the Atlantic States, and causes a like cutaneous eruption. Many cases of severe poisoning occur where there is no exposure to the plant other than sitting by the open window of a car, or riding in a private conveyance through canons where it riots gloriously over rotting stump and tree trunk. And again persons equally susceptible find their hands and faces break out with stinging pimples just from the handling of wild flowers which were picked adjacent to poison oak; or the poison is transmitted from clothes worn by picnickers. Fortunately, however, these are the exceptional instances, and ordinarily if one avoids touching the foliage, the danger is averted. The stockman and farmer probably suffer the greatest annoyance from poison oak. The worst cases come passing to leeward of a fire in which it is burning, and grubbing out a range or clearing off a foothill farm necessitates this means of ridding the ground of brush. The hired man who can handle poison oak with impunity has an added value to the farmer who suffers from the contact with this vexatious bush. The antidotes recommended are many but are well-nigh useless. A few simple remedies, like the application of salt, soda and frequent hot bathing, can usually be relied upon to modify the itching and swelling of the parts affected, but the sufferer, if he be no novice, is perfectly certain that an affection of poison oak, like other diseases, must run its course, and so waits, with what stoicism he can command, for the allotted ten or fourteen days to pass.—American Agriculturist.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Of course it is better to hatch a few chicks late even of the larger breeds, but they will not pay as layers.

For your own table it pays to hatch chicks from February to November, but the number should be limited.

Thorough culture saves moisture and invigorates the plant, rendering it less susceptible to the attacks of insects and fungi.

The great object on the farm should be to make everything pay, whether it be livestock or farm crops. Are we doing it? If not, why not?

Fifty hens on a farm, properly handled, will pay better the year through than 200 in the same place or roost. Quality rather than quantity should be the rule.

Cutting off large limbs is best done by first sawing a little on the under side, so that when the limb falls it will not split the wood nor peel the bark down the trunk.

Eggs and chicken meat best salt pork all to death as an article of diet. Use plenty of each. Do not expect that the eggs will pay all the grocery bills unless an abundance is produced.

One of the most effective means of increasing the profits of gardening and truck farming is to so arrange the planting that horse power may be utilized in preparing, planting and cultivating.

Some farmers think that money alone should be counted to determine whether a thing pays or not. This is a great mistake. Fruit pays even if we do not sell a dollar's worth. It keeps down doctor bills in the family.

A liberal poultice of fresh cow manure may not seem nice to tie onto a tree that has accidentally been peeled with the single-tree or otherwise, but there's nothing better to cause the wound to heal over quickly and soundly.

Watch the young trees closely during the spring and summer; pinch back and cut out where necessary to develop a perfectly formed head. The first years of a tree's orchard life are the best years for this work, and if it is properly attended to there will be no necessity for severe amputations with the saw in after years.

A plot of ground on which a brush heap has been burned is excellent place to start plants for late cabbage, as the weeds are not liable to bother much here and the ashes, mixed with the soil, cause the plants to grow vigorously and strongly, providing that they have room for best development, the plants standing about an inch and a half apart.